

OLD TRAVOIS TRAILS

Powder River
Number

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1940

25c



STEVENS, FRYBERGER & COMPANY, Inc.

THE NEW YORK STORE

Sheridan, Wyoming

For 45 Years in the Heart of the West

Headquarters for Authentic Western Apparel

Write for our catalog of
REAL WESTERN MERCHANDISE

A
SCENIC
SPOT

S

T

COME UP
ON TOP OF
THE STATE

W Y O M I N G

ONE
MILE
HIGH

R

AN IDEAL
PLACE TO LIVE
THE YEAR ROUND

Y

STORY CIVIC CLUB

STORY

WYOMING

SAN-I-DAIRY

A STURDY PIONEER KEPT STRICTLY MODERN
A GRADE "A" PLANT

Butter - Ice Cream - Milk - Cream, etc.

SHERIDAN CREAMERY COMPANY

CHARLES J. OVIATT, President

Sheridan

Wyoming



OLD TRAVOIS TRAILS

A Magazine Devoted to the Study of Indians and the West

Published bi-monthly at the restored portion of old Fort Philip
Kearny, Banner, Wyoming, by Charles D. Schreibeis

Subscription Rate: \$1.00 a year - Single Copy, 25 cents

Copyright 1940, by Charles D. Schreibeis

Volume I

NOVEMBER - DECEMBER, 1940

Number 4

CONTENTS

	Page
POWDER RIVER.....Lorah B. Chaffin	4
THE OLD WEST.....T. J. Gatchell	5
IN THE MOUNTAINS.....Betty Keyes	12
AUTUMN.....Dorothy Moore Garrison	12
THE TOWNSEND TRAIN.....E. O. Railsback	13
UNFORGOTTEN.....Dorothy Moore Garrison	16
LETTER (Powder River Bridge).....A. L. Brock	17
HOMECOMING.....Dorothy Moore Garrison	18
THE WISDOM OF CHIEF RED CLOUD.....E. A. Brininstool	19
THE OLD HOUSE AND GARDEN.....Dorothy May Andrus	22

Powder River

By LORAH B. CHAFFIN

Dirty, butte-locked, muddy Powder River,
Where lies your fascination, where your charm
That gives more lovely rivers
So very much alarm?

Powder-colored clay that lines your mud bed,
Your cactus-studded banks, they guard you well,
And hold your ancient secrets
You might not wish to tell.

Did you see the "Little People" wander
Along the shores of ages long grown dim?
And were they mighty builders
Or just plain warriors, grim?

Did you count the many expeditions
That swept your red-shaled hills and dust-gray plains
Or did you yawn with boredom
Seeing their many trains?

Did you thrill to see the mighty bison
That grazed along your banks at setting sun?
And did you quail as hunters
Came stalking with a gun?

Dirty, sullen silent Powder River,
Your tight-lipped secrets I may search in vain,
And weary, turn to others
That give me joy again.

The Old West

By T. J. GATCHELL

(Paper read to Pioneer Association, Story, Wyo., Aug., 25, 1940)

When preparing this paper for presentation before your association today the thought came to me as how appropriate was this spot for you old timers to hold your yearly meetings. This is historical ground and is dedicated to the efforts of those intrepid men who made the first real try to wrest this part of Wyoming from Indian domination. The men who traveled through the wilderness to establish Fort Phil. Kearny were real pioneers. Identity of those brave men may be forgotten, but their deeds will live forever in the annals of the west. History will ever be mindful of their struggle against adversity; their strict adherence to duty will be forever remembered, and their loyal devotion to the Stars and Stripes, and all it stands for, will always be a pleasant memory to all true Americans. It is not my intention to delve into details about the history of this locality, but will just hit the high places.

The first endeavor to bring this particular part of Wyoming to public notice was the laying out of the Bozeman Trail in 1863. It provided a much shorter route than had been hitherto available to the newly discovered gold mines in Montana. However, this road did not come into use until the following year, 1864, when many trains of those seeking a new home in the west, or the adventurer, who expected to dig his fortune out

of the ground, passed over this trail. It is most unfortunate that most of the experience of these people is lost to history, and while much toil and suffering was their lot, the real story of their trials and tribulations must remain untold.

In 1865 this route attracted the attention of the government—and notwithstanding the fact that this land had been ceded to the tribes, who claimed it as their heritage from Wakon Tanka, the Great Spirit—an expedition was sent out to improve the road and encourage travel over the route. This was known as the Sawyer Road Making Expedition, and was in charge of Lieutenant-Colonel James A. Sawyer, late of the Union Army. This enterprise gave a great promise of success, it was well equipped for the work, and had a strong military escort, consisting of two companies of the Fifth U. S. Volunteer regiment, and a detail of the South Dakota cavalry. Just what was accomplished by this enterprise is hard to discover, but it is equitable to say that very few improvements to the road were made.

That same year saw the advent of the "Connor Powder River Indian Invasion." This venture against the Indians in the Powder River country was a matter of elaborate preparation. It was originally intended to push four columns of troops, on separate routes, the same to converge at some stated point, and make a clean sweep of the tribes. Their

WESTERN BOOKS

Western books by western authors on sale at old Fort Philip Kearny. A souvenir from this old fort will be given free with each purchase. All mail orders will be promptly sent postpaid.

FORT PHILIP KEARNY

(A folder) By C. Walter Wiberg\$.15

ALASKANA

By Marie Drake 50

FORT CASPAR

By Alfred James Mokler 1.00

THE CUSTER FIGHT

By E. A. Brininstool 75

DESERT POEMS

By Ada Hastings Hedges 1.00

A TROOPER WITH CUSTER

by E. A. Brininstool 1.50

TRAILING CAMPFIRE

By Elsa Spear 1.50

FORT PHIL KEARNY

By Elsa Spear 1.50

TRACK OF THE SUN

By John C. Almack 1.50

KEOGH, COMANCHE

AND CUSTER By Edward Smith Luce 3.00

DREGS

By J. H. Jennings 2.00

PIONEER EDUCATION

IN THE PACIFIC

NORTHWEST By

Charles D. Schreibeis 2.25

THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

By Grace Raymond Har-
bard and E. A. Brin-
instool 12.50

(Two large volumes)

OLD TRAVOIS TRAILS

Fort Philip Kearny

Banner,

Wyoming

plans had to be modified to the extent that only two columns were used. The main wing, under General Connor in person, marched to Powder River to the Brozeman trail crossing, constructed a cantonment, which the commander named in his honor, Cantonment Connor. While at Powder River the Pawnee Indian scouts, under Major Frank North, took after a bunch of Cheyenne Indians, and after a hard day's chase finally overtook them opposite the mouth of Crazy Woman creek, and killed the entire party.

Connor's column then went on to Tongue River and discovered an Arapahoe Indian village, under Ice Bear, which they attacked and destroyed. This battlefield is at the mouth of Wolf Creek, opposite the present city of Ranchester.

The east wing under Colonel Nelson Cole, marched from Omaha. They were supposed to make junction with Connor at what is now known as the Wolf mountains. Cole's contingent, which consisted of two regiments, the second Missouri light artillery and the Twelfth Missouri cavalry. The artillery was equipped as cavalry. They had one section of cannon, however. The long and wearing march from the east about wore out the expedition. Nearly all their stock was worn out, their rations were about depleted and they reached Powder River, near the mouth of O'Fallon Creek, in a most pitiful condition. They had been joined a short distance from Powder River by the Sixteenth Kansas, who finished the campaign with them. They were attacked by the Cheyenne Indians the second day after their arrival at the river, and

had quite a hard time holding their own. Coupled with this was a severe spell of cold weather and most of their cavalry horses perished. They had a hard time to march to the newly constructed cantonment Connor, and reached there in a most deplorable condition.

As the two columns failed to make the appointed rendezvous the campaign was over, and Connor returned to Powder River where he found orders to return with his army to Fort Laramie. Two companies of the Fifth U. S. Volunteers were left at Cantonment Connor, as a garrison, and the Connor Powder River Invasion was history.

Connor was a good soldier, but in this he made a failure by not figuring on the difficulties that confronted Cole.

In the early summer of 1866, the Carrington Expedition arrived at Powder River. Carrington was under orders far different from those who preceded him. He was to build and maintain a chain of forts along the Bozeman Trail, or the Virginia City Road, as it was then called. He rebuilt Cantonment Connor, renamed it Fort Reno, and then came on to Piney where Fort Phil. Kearny was to be located. Work on Phil. Kearny was hardly under way until a force, under Major Hayward, went on to the Big Horn River, in Montana, and built Fort C. F. Smith. It is Fort Phil. Kearny that is of interest to us today.

It was in our own back yard and the herculean effort of those men who gave their all that it might survive will always be an outstanding page in our history. It was located

Story Mercantile Co. GROCERIES

Meats
Bakery Products
Fountain Service
Kodak Film
Fishing Tackle

ANDY RAYCHER, Prop.
Story Wyoming

THE KEARNEY ROLLER MILLS

Piney's Best Flour
and Feeds

Ranchers May Exchange Wheat
for Flour

Phone Buffalo 361-J-11

ROY REDHAIR, Manager
Banner Wyoming

ACKERLEY'S GROCERY

Bakery Goods
Quality Groceries
Fresh Meats

Everything for Your Lunch
Story Wyoming

LEMLEY CURIO STORE

Indian Relics, Beadwork, Guns, Books,
Weapons, Minerals, Fossils, Old Glass,
Dolls, Coins, Old West Photos, Stamps,
and Prints.

Five Arrowheads ----- 20c
Civil Token ----- 15c
Catalog ----- 5c

VERNON LEMLEY

Bshorne

Kansas

STORY ART

A Magazine for Story Tellers,
mothers, teachers, church and
social workers—all those who
have to do with the care and
education of children.

Send For Sample Copy.

Published bi-monthly by the
National Story League

Subscription price, one year 60c,
two years 1.00.

ADLYN M. KEFFER, Editor

236 Woodbine Street
Harrisburg Pennsylvania

**Junior Natural
History Magazine**

The ideal nature study publica-
tion for children is published
monthly by the American Mu-
seum of Natural History, Cen-
tral Park West, at 79th Street,
New York, New York. Sub-
scription price, \$1 per year. It
is unrivalled in the popular
portrayal of natural history.
Strange and interesting infor-
mation on animals and birds
and all species of life that in-
habit the earth and thrilling ar-
ticles of exploration and adven-
ture in the remote corners of
the world are accompanied with
illustrations that are unsur-
passed in their expression and
beauty.

Mail subscriptions to Membership Sec-
retary of the American Museum of
Natural History, New York City, N. Y.

in the heart of the Indian country,
and during its commission was main-
tained under the most trying and
hazardous conditions of any frontier
post. For the two years and two
months of its existence it was con-
stantly under siege. There was no
respite. The Indians seeing their
choice inheritance practically in the
hands of the white man were made
desperate, and in spite of any thought
to the contrary, we are forced to
place them in the rank of patriots
fighting for their own. A number of
men were killed in this immediate
vicinity, perhaps upon this very
ground, as they labored on the work
of cutting timber to construct the
fort. As my old friend, Sam String-
er, who, as a teamster took many
loads of logs to the post said, "every
rock and tree seemed to hide an In-
dian and you could never tell when
they would take a pot shot at you."

On December 5, 1866, Lieutenant
Bingham and Sergeant Bowers were
killed in a skirmish with the Indians,
at a point not over two miles from
this place. We all know of the fight
on Massacre Hill where Brevet Lieut-
enant-Colonel Fetterman and the
eighty men with him were all killed
on December 21, 1866.

We all know of the Wagon Box
fight on August 2, 1867, where six
men of the twenty-seventh Infantry
gave their lives for their country.

We know of those outstanding
things, but how little we know or
realize the everyday suffering of that
devoted, suffering and harassed gar-
rison. They were far from home and
civilization; far from any hope of
help; far from supplies; short of de-
fensive weapons and ammunition, and

surrounded by a relentless foe. Can we pay too much tribute to their bravery and ardent devotion to duty. All their suffering, sacrifice and effort, however, was for naught, and in August, 1868, Forts C. F. Smith, Phil. Kearny and Reno, were abandoned by order of the War Department, and the country went back to the tribes and remained with them until the so-called Sioux War of 1876, subdued the Indians and Indian wars were practically over, and this garden spot was available to settlers.

I have always regretted the fact that I am not an old timer in Wyoming, and while I can qualify as an old timer in the west, have always been sorry that I did not come to this state two years sooner. The west was to quite an extent settled by veterans of the Civil War, and the example these men set to the younger generation to reverence the old flag was a lesson in patriotism, and on Saturday nights and holidays as they met in what they then called their "Camp Fires," and some old veterans played the fife and drum to such airs as Jay Bird, The Girl I Left Behind Me, and Yankee Doodle every listening boy was imbued with the spirit of love of country, and there was no chance of a fifth column.

The pioneer has my utmost admiration and respect, and I am more than pleased to have the privilege of attending these meetings and fraternize with the pioneer people of Wyoming.

Things have changed most materially in the west since the days of our early settlement, and our forefathers knew but little of the things that go to make up our present day civilization. The pioneers, both men

KIBBEN HARDWARE COMPANY

"THE G-E STORE"

*I. E. S. Rembrandt Better
Sight Lamps*

Sheridan Wyoming

GIFTS - CARDS - CHINA



Bob — TOTMAN — Irene

Sheridan, Wyoming

Headquarters for

Charles Russell Prints

Glassware

Curios

FOR BAKING INSURANCE

**Be Sure That Your Grocer
Gives You**

**"Best Out West"
FLOUR**



**SHERIDAN FLOURING
MILLS, INC.**

Sheridan,

Wyoming

announcing

the

Story Service Station
and Garage

JOHN MAHALEK, Prop.
Story Wyoming

"IT'S THE CHEF"

On U. S. Highway 16

Idlewild Cafe

Open Nights

A. C. O'LEARY, Proprietor
Buffalo, Wyoming

Buffalo Trust and Title Co.

Real Estate - Abstracts - Insurance
Land titles in Johnson County abstracted from the old Indian Days to the present time.

Buffalo

Wyoming

F. G. PURCELL

Jeweler

BLACK HILLS JEWELRY

WYOMING AGATES

Buffalo

Wyoming

MORRISON'S

Laundry and Cleaning Co.

We Satisfy Particular People

Buffalo, Wyoming

SHOWBOAT

On the West Bank of

Lake DeSmet

Lunches - Soft Drinks - Fishing

Dance Every Saturday Night

A. A. MONSON, Prop.
Buffalo Wyoming

and women, were made of stern material, and they braved the danger and discomfort incident to the settling of a vast empire that it might be saved for future generations. They were beset by many hardships, they sacrificed much, but with all their handicaps they were happy. They thought of each other, and in sickness, adversity, or trouble of any kind, they always extended the hand of help, thus emulating in a most substantial way the example of the Good Samaritan. They were forced to live in a simple manner, but the latch string was ever out to their friends, and the traveler was always welcome to their humble homes.

There was no actual suffering for the necessities of life, as the more fortunate gave from their own scanty store to the needy. There was an ideal existence. Electric lights were unknown but the old tallow candle furnished them all the illumination they needed. Washing machines had not been thought of, but the old family wash board did the job. There were no automobiles, but the family were content to take their Sunday outing in the old lynch-pin wagon, hauled by horses, mules, and sometimes oxen. They had no jazz bands, but the old country fiddler furnished music that was full of rhythm and real melody. The old square dance, the Virginia reel, Money Musk, and many other figures of the long ago, have about passed into oblivion, but they were much more dignified than our present day contortions, and they were probably as much enjoyed. They had no moving pictures, but home life was much more in evidence.

The old days are gone, the old

timers will soon be but a memory, but the world is better because they lived. They left as a legacy to coming generations an example of true Americanism.

They taught by example, and while they were not perfect, they were human in all their actions, and no one can stray far from the ranks of good citizenship if they follow in their footsteps.

Keogh, Comanche and Custer

By Edward Smith Luce

127 pages; 12 illustrations; privately published by

EDWARD SMITH LUCE,
Fort Myer, Virginia.

This is the story of "the bravest man the Sioux ever fought," the buckskin horse that survived the Battle of the Little Big Horn, and General George A. Custer.

The author tells the story of the Battle of the Little Big Horn as vividly as though he had been an eye witness, and he has also given us a "horse story" which will rival that of BLACK BEAUTY.

An account of the old Irish tune "Garry Owen" is also included in the appendix. Here he traces the development of this old tune from the time it was first used by the Royal Irish Rifles up to the time it became the regimental tune of the Seventh Cavalry.

The book is scholarly, yet simple enough to be thoroughly enjoyed by the juvenile reader who likes stories of heroism and adventure. The source material has been gleaned from rare documents, and authority is cited for the pertinent facts. It will be welcomed by the mature reader who is interested mainly in the historical facts concerning Custer's last stand.

DR. CLARA POWELL ACCOLA

Osteopathic Physician
Special Foot Corrections

North Main Street
Buffalo Wyoming

Dr. R. B. ROGERS DENTIST

Buffalo Wyoming

DR. H. R. BODENHAMER

Osteopathic Physician and
Surgeon

DR. G. H. BUFFUM

Orificial Surgeon and Rectal
Specialist

D & D Building Sheridan, Wyo.

P. C. DUNCAN, O. D. OPTOMETRIST

Eyes Examined - Glasses Fitted
Orthoptic Training

200 N. Main Street Phone 122-W
Sheridan, Wyoming

BUSY BEE LUNCH

"ON THE BRIDGE"

Buffalo Wyoming

SANITONE DRY CLEANING

Restores that 'Like-New' finish

Superior Laundry Co.

Phone 397 Sheridan, Wyo.

In The Mountains

By BETTY KEYES

Tall grasses bent with dew
Sparkling in the early light
From the sun just tinting
The rocks, gray from the night.

Quaking Aspens rustling,
Contrasted with the fir,
Black and rough and ancient,
Upon a rocky spur.

Sky above all bluey-gold,
Sunlight, breezes fraught
With the summery mountain scent
That no perfume has caught.

Autumn

By DOROTHY MOORE GARRISON

Autumn wears another gown.
Beneath the grey and chilly skies.
The foamy mists come creeping down
From where the craggy hill crests frown.
On mountain tops a vapory crown
Extends from where the snow cap lies.

Across the valley floor is spread
A carpet, mingled gold and red,
About the corn fields waisted sheaves
Binding the close sheathed ripened ears,
And in the garden, deep with leaves
The blackbirds, hardy brigadeers,
Flutter at summer's tattered hem.

The Townsend Train

By E. O. RAILSBACK

Mr. Railsback who is now a worthy citizen of Billings, Montana was with the Townsend train. On April 19, 1864 the Railsback family left their home on the Des Moines river below Ottumwa, Iowa, to seek their fortune in what is now Montana. Their wagon soon joined the Townsend train which arrived in the Gallatin Valley August 19, 1864.

While Mr. Railsback was but five years of age the winter before the Indian attack on the wagon train on the Powder River, he still remembers many of the incidents of this exciting journey. He remembers seeing the Indians come in sight, and seeing his mother standing on a wagon wheel watching the fight when a bullet struck a cottonwood tree just above her head.

In 1939 he returned to the Powder River in company with Mr. George G. Osten of Billings, Montana. With the aid of Mr. Harvey Turk of Kaycee, Wyoming he was able to locate and identify the site of the Indian attack on the Townsend train.

On July 7, 1940 just seventy-six years after the attack, Mr. Railsback in company with Mr. George G. Osten and the editor, enjoyed a picnic lunch under the same old cottonwood tree where the Railsback wagon was camped at the time of the Indian attack on the train. Mr. Railsback's mind was clear and active. He narrated many interesting details of the battle, was able to point out discrepancies found in the memoirs of

other members of this train, and the Coffinbury train which followed. During the afternoon he identified the old Powder River crossing and the spot where the Townsend train had camped to do the washing.

Mr. Railsback is, perhaps, the only living survivor of the Townsend train. Would it not be fitting and proper to have the spot, where the Townsend train was camped at the time of the Indian attack, marked with an appropriate marker while he is able to identify the spot and enjoy the ceremony? Such an occasion would not only honor Mr. Railsback but it would also serve as a tribute to other stout hearts who were willing to venture over the old Bozeman "cut-off."

Among the earliest organized trains to attempt the new "cut-off" to the gold fields of Montana was the train known as the Townsend train. On July 4, 1864 this train was camped at a point on the Dry Fork of the Powder River not far above the place where it empties into the Powder River. Soon after the train arrived here the guides reported a large camp of Indians on the Powder River about fifteen miles below the crossing. As near as could be determined by the count of the tepees there were about fifteen hundred Indians in this camp.

A census of the gun strength of the train was taken and it was found that nineteen hundred shots could be fired without reloading. That evening the train celebrated Indepen-

TYSON'S DRUG STORE

Decorated after the traditions of
Wyoming

Ranchers' Supplies, Soda Fountain, Vaccines, etc.

Fine Prescription Service
41 E. 5th St. Sheridan, Wyo.

Schreibeis Bakery

Rye Bread

Betty Ann Bread

Pastries of all kinds baked daily

TRY US

Phone 294 Sheridan, Wyo.

Sheridan Tin Shop

ORITO HAACK, Prop.

**Moise Heat Warm Air
Furnaces**

Roofing - We use and recommend
Armco Ingot Iron
Resists Rust

124 North Gould Street
Sheridan Wyoming

RALPH GUNTER

Expert Gem Cutter

Wyoming Gems

Box 832

Sheridan

Wyoming

dence Day by firing every muzzle loading gun and revolver in camp and then reloading them with fresh loads because the train expected an attack at any time.

On July 5, the train broke camp, moved down to the junction of the Dry Fork with the Powder River and camped at a point just above the crossing. On July 6, the train laid over to give the women and men an opportunity to do their washing. The feed for the stock was poor at this camp so the next morning the train broke camp before breakfast and followed up the little creek now known as Soldier Creek.

Early that morning an old man whose name I have forgotten (Mills) went out to hunt for a cow that had strayed from the band. At the time that the train moved camp he had not found this cow and remained behind to continue his search for her.

After the train had traveled up Soldier Creek for about four miles it selected a camping place near a grove of large cottonwoods. Instead of corralling the wagons the train camped permiscously, turned the cattle out to graze and began to prepare breakfast.

Just as they were finishing breakfast a band of Indians came in sight about four-hundred yards from the train. Evidently the Indians had expected to find the wagons going up a narrow coolie where they intended to make an attack upon the train. The Indians were surprised, however, to see the train camped and they immediately halted. The guides, old man Bourier, and a half breed whose name I have forgotten, then went out to talk with them.

The Indians pretended that they were merely going up to the Crow country to recapture a lot of horses that the Indians had stolen from them, and asked permission to travel with the train. The guides soon returned and made their reports to the captain of the train. The Captain asked them what they thought about the proposition. The half-breed said that he knew several of the Indians and thought that it would be all right for them to do so, but old man Bourrier said "No! You never can trust an Indian."

Several shots had been heard a short time before the Indians arrived. This caused a great deal of concern for the old man who had remained at the old camp to find his cow. Fearing that he had met with the Indians, a posse of seven mounted men started back to look for him.

In the meantime the train had collected some food for the Indians and they were eating it, but as the posse passed them the Indians threw down their food, jumped onto their horses and cut off the whites from the train. There was immediately a hand to hand fight, several Indians were killed, and one white man was wounded.

At that time the Indians started for a high point and commenced shooting at the train, but as they were out of range, no damage was done. However, one bullet struck a cottonwood tree very near to where our wagon was camped. The whites soon rushed to a high point between the train and the Indians in order to prevent them from attacking the train.

The fight lasted from about nine

D. W. THRUSH

General Auto Repairing

420 Broadway Phone 123
Sheridan, Wyoming

Stop At

M A C'S

SERVICE STATION

436 N. Main St. Sheridan, Wyo.

"Courteous Service Always"

On the way to the high school

SHERIDAN WRECKING HOUSE

We Have It

IF IT'S FOR YOUR CAR

New and Used Parts - Accessories
Tires - Batteries

Wrecking Yard Opp. Sugar Factory
Phone 655-W Sheridan, Wyo.

THE OIL HOUSE

Service - Quality - Courtesy

HARDIN & PIERCE, Props.

5th and Main Street
Sheridan Wyoming

Kennedy Auto Service

Alger at Broadway Post Office Box 614

Sales STUDEBAKER Service

Seiberling Tires and Tubes
Conoco Products General Repair
Sheridan, Wyoming

Shelton & Sons

Live Stock Auctioneers

Sheridan, Wyoming

LOOK WELL BARBER SHOP

Clarence Walker Joe Herbst
John H. Shelton
Sheridan Wyoming

Go to the Wilson Grocery

4th and Main St.
Sheridan, Wyoming
And You Won't Go Wrong

J. P. CROFF COMPANY (United Stores)

Sheridan Wyoming
A Safe Place to Trade
A Sure Place to Save

ADDITIONAL COPIES

of the September-October issue will be
mailed anywhere
PRICE POSTAGE PAID 25c
Special price to advertisers desiring
bulk purchases

OLD TRAVOIS TRAILS
Banner, Wyoming

Bondi Brothers

Consistently Low Prices

Every Day

PHONE 181

19 E. 5th St. Sheridan, Wyo.

TYPEWRITERS & ADDING MACHINES

Kellner

TYPEWRITER & SUPPLY CO.
162 No. Main Phone 72
Sheridan, Wyoming

o'clock in the morning to four o'clock in the afternoon, and during this time the Indians endeavored in every way they could to get the whites to follow them into an ambush. During this battle four of the men in the Townsend train were killed including the old man who had been hunting for his cow, a man who walked ahead of the train, a man who went hunting, and a man who was killed in the fight. After the battle the Indians crossed a high ridge where the whites counted sixteen riderless horses.

Unforgotten

By DOROTHY MOORE GARRISON

Sunsets, gold and violet,
Upon the hills. Can I forget?
Along the ridges where the blue
Of upper heaven still looks through.
The pine tree branches, which, less
green
Than black, against the sky were
seen,
Lift clean cut moveless silhouettes.
No heart that loves these things for-
gets.

Letters

Buffalo, Wyoming
August 31, 1940

Mr. Charles D. Schreibeis,
Banner, Wyoming.
Dear Sir:

In regard to your request, wanting to know where the first bridge was located on Powder River, on what is known as the Buffalo and Fort Fettermen Stage and Freight Road (sometimes called the old Douglas Road) I will give it to you partly from personal knowledge and from information that I have received from others.

The bridge was located a short distance below, what is known as the Dry Fork of Powder River. I crossed this bridge several times during the year in 1884, and again in 1886.

During high water, in the spring of 1887 a new channel was made, and the river no longer ran under the bridge. Some time during that year preparations were made to move the bridge over the new channel, but it was not completed until 1888.

Later on the bridge collapsed and fell into the Powder River, a part of which can probably be seen there yet, although the main current of the River is quite a ways from where the bridge went down. Many years later a bridge was built across the river at Sussex, several miles above where the original bridge was.

Respectfully yours,
A. L. BROCK.

Rochford Studio

"IF IT'S PHOTOGRAPHIC,
WE DO IT"

32 S. Main St. Phone 52-W
Sheridan, Wyoming

WALLY WINDSON CAFE

Cabins and Filling Station
Modern Cabins Plate Lunches
Curb Service
Opposite the Sugar Factory
Sheridan Wyoming

SHERIDAN GREENHOUSE CO.

"Our Flowers Speak
For Themselves"
Phones 105 and 693
Sheridan Wyoming

T. W. VICKERE LUMBER COMPANY

"See Vick About It"
Phone 113
Sheridan Wyoming

TO THE READERS OF OLD TRAVOIS TRAILS

When patronizing the firms whose co-operation makes the publication of this magazine possible, please mention that you read their advertisement in OLD TRAVOIS TRAILS.

Homecoming

By DOROTHY MOORE GARRISON

The outlaw's horse had flowing mane
And red flanged nostrils flaring wide.
"I'll saddle my horse," the outlaw cried,
"For there's work to do on the autumn plain."

The drovers herds were fat and sleek
The moonless dark loomed thick and wide,
Hiding them riding side by side
With the herds before them, slow and meek.

The only sound that might be heard
Was the muffled thud of hoof in dust.
The furry stars showed red as rust
Seen through the mist their passing stirred.

The outlaw called his friend apart
"Revenge has driven me out again,
But I wish we lived as other men!"
The drovers shot him in the heart.

The outlaw's horse had fled away,
He thought he bore his master still
He sped across the flats until
He reached his home at break of day.

The outlaw's wife looked out and saw
Him standing by the fastened gate.
Heart turned to ice, she knew the fate
Of those who tampered with the law.

Her face was carved in grief; her care
To see him fed and blanketed.
She stroked his arching neck and said,
"Their retribution, my despair."

The Wisdom of Chief Red Cloud

By E. A. BRININSTOOL

It was Red Cloud, the great fighting chieftain of the Sioux to whom Uncle Sam was obliged to kow-tow after the appalling Fetterman disaster near Fort Phil. Kearny, in which Red Cloud's warriors completely overwhelmed and destroyed the entire command of Capt. Wm. Fetterman, consisting of 81 men, a short distance from Fort Phil. Kearny. In August 1868, after Red Cloud had demanded that that entire country be abandoned by the Government troops — to which the Government agreed—Fort Phil. Kearny was burned to the ground by the victorious savages.

On the 11th of June, 1870, Red Cloud was in Washington with a delegation of his leading men, to attend a grand council, at which time he demonstrated before the Indian Bureau that he was possessed of just as many ounces of brains as his white brethern, and fully as capable of using them. The treaty of 1868 was under discussion, and Red Cloud was invited to express himself on that topic.

Having shaken hands with the Secretary of the Indian Bureau and Commissioner Parker, Red Cloud seated himself on the floor and said:

"What I said to the Great Father (the President) is now in my mind. I have only a few words to add this morning. I have become tired of

speaking. Yesterday when I saw the treaty and all the false things in it, I was mad, and I suppose it made you the same. The Secretary explained this morning, and now I am pleased. As to the goods you talked about, I want what is due and belongs to me. The red people were raised with the bow and arrow, and are all of one nation; but the whites, who are civilized and educated, swindle me; and I am not hard to swindle because I do not know how to read and write.

"We have thirty-two nations, and have a council house, just the same as you have. We held a council there before we came here, and the demand I have made upon you is from the chiefs I left behind. We are all alike. You whites have a chief you go by, but all the chief I go by is God Almighty. When He tells me anything that is for the best, I always go by His guidance. The whites think the Great Spirit has nothing to do with us, but He has. After fooling with us and taking away our property, they will have to suffer for it hereafter. The Great Spirit is now looking at us, and we offer to Him our prayers.

"The Great Spirit makes us suffer for our wrong-doing. You promise us many things, but you never perform them. You take away everything, and yet if you live forty or fifty years in this world, and then

die, you cannot take all your goods with you. The Great Spirit will not make me suffer because I am ignorant. He will put me in a place where I will be better off than in this world. The Great Spirit raised me naked, and gave me no weapons. Look at me. This is the way I was raised (pulling aside his blanket and exposing his bare shoulder.) White men say we are bad—we are murderers, but I cannot see it. We gave up our lands wherever the whites came into our country.

"Tell the Great Father I am poor. In earlier times, when I had plenty of game, I could make my living; I gave land away; but I am too poor for that now. I want something for my land. I want to receive some pay for the land where you have made railroads. My Father has a great many children out West with no ears, brain or heart. You have the names to the treaty of persons professing to be chiefs, but I am chief of that nation. Look at me. My hair is straight. I was free-born on this land. An interpreter who signed the treaty has curly hair. He is no man. I will see him hereafter. I know I have been wronged. The words of my Great Father never reach me, and mine never reach HIM. There are too many streams between us. The Great Spirit has raised me on wild game. I know He has left enough to support my children for awhile. You have stolen Denver from me. You never gave me anything for it. Some of our people went there to engage in farming, and you sent your white children and scattered them away. Now I have only two mounds left, and I want them for my-

self and my people. There is treasure in them. You have stolen two mounds containing gold. I have for many years lived with the men I want for my superintendents, agent and traders, and am well acquainted with them. I know they are men of justice. They do what is right. If you appoint them, and any blame comes, it will not be on you, but on me. I would be willing to let you go upon our land when the time comes, but that would not be until after the game is gone. I do not ask my Great Father to give me anything. I came naked, and will go away naked. I have seen enough of towns. I have no business in New York. I want to go back the way I came."

Red Cloud said he had asked for the removal of Fort Fetterman because it was a curse to his people, and instead of protecting them, as the Great Father had told them, it had only brought mischief into his country by whiskey-drinking, abusing squaws and other bad work. He hoped there would be no war, and there would not if the whites waited for the Sioux to commence it. His people, having no food, have to hunt, and when they do they were told they were "off their reservation" and were shot at. This made trouble, and the Indians always got the blame. Continuing, he said:

"I was raised on this land where the sun shines—now I come from where the sun sets. Whose voice was first sounded on this land? The voice of the red people, who had but bows and arrows. The Great Father says he is good and kind to us. I don't think so. I am good to his white

people. My face is red; yours is white. The Great Spirit has made you to read and write, but not me. I have not learned. I came here to tell my Great Father what I do not like in my country. The men the Great Father sends to us have no sense—no heart. What has been done in my country I did not want; did not ask for it—white people going through my country. Father, have you, or any of your friends here, got children? Do you want to raise them? Look at me. I come here with all these young men. All of them have children and want to raise them. The white children have surrounded me, and left me nothing but an island. When we first had this land we were strong; now we are melting like snow on the hillside, while you are grown like spring grass. When the white man comes into my country, he leaves a trail of blood behind him. Tell the Great Father to move Fort Fetterman away, and we will have no more trouble. I have two mountains in that country — the Black Hills and the Big Horn mountains. I want the Great Father to make no roads

through them. I have told these things three times before; now I have come here to tell them the fourth time.

"I do not want my reservation on the Missouri. This is the fourth time I have said so. Our children are dying off like sheep. The country does not suit them. I was born at the forks of the Platte, and I was told that the land belonged to me from north, south, east and west. When you send goods to me they are stolen all along the road, so when they reached me they were only a handful. They held a paper for me to sign, and that is all I got for my lands. I know the people you send out there are liars. Look at me. I am poor and naked. I do not want war with my government. The railroad is passing through my country now; I have received no pay for the land—not even a brass ring. I want you to tell all this to my Great Father. We are but a handful, and you are a great and powerful nation. The Great Spirit has made all things that I have in my country wild; I have to hunt them up.

"I have no more to say."

The Old House and Garden

By DOROTHY MAY ANDRUS

Somewhere there's an old house and a garden
Underneath a blue WYOMING sky;
The house is broken down and the garden
Grows wilder as the years go by.

There's a hill there, too, and a meadow,
Where I found white tulips long ago;
And a sage-brush grown gully where I wandered
In the summer when the winds sang low.

The old white horse that I rode is gone
But the tulips bloom and the wind is free
Some things have changed and some are the same.
They all live yet in my memory.



SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER

One Year's Subscription to OLD TRAVOIS TRAILS\$1.00

and a copy of

PIONEER EDUCATION IN THE PACIFIC
NORTHWEST\$2.25

OR

BOTH for only\$2.50

MAIL ORDERS TO

OLD TRAVOIS TRAILS

Fort Philip Kearny

Banner, Wyoming

ORDER FORM

OLD TRAVOIS TRAILS

Fort Philip Kearny

Banner, Wyoming

Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send OLD TRAVOIS

TRAILS for one year beginning with the.....number.

Enclosed is \$.....for which send me:

Names of books desired.....

.....

Name

Address

City..... State

